We will beſtow our ſelues; read on this Booke,
That ſhow of ſuch an exerciſe may colour
Your lowlineſſe; we are oft too blame in this,
Tis too much prou'd, that with deuotions viſage
And pious action, we doe ſugar ore
The Deuill himſelfe.

*King.* O tis too true,
How ſmart a laſh that ſpeech doth giue my conſcience?
The harlots cheeke beautied with plaſtring art,
Is not more vgly to the thing that helps it,
Then is my deed to my moſt painted word:
O heauy burthen:

*Enter Hamlet.*

*Pol.* I heare him comming, withdraw my Lord.

*Ham.* To be, or not to be, that is the queſtion,
Whether tis nobler in the mind to ſuffer
The ſlings and arrowes of outragious Fortune,
Or to take armes againſt a Sea of troubles,
And by oppoſing end them: To die to ſleepe
No more: and by a ſleepe, to ſay we end
The hart-ake, and the thouſand naturall ſhocks
That fleſh is heire to; tis a conſummation
Deuoutly to be wiſht, to die to ſleep,
To ſleep, perchance to dreame; I there's the rub,
For in that ſleep of death what dreames may come?
When we haue ſhuffled off this mortall coyle
Muſt giue vs pauſe, there's the reſpect
That makes calamity of ſo long life:
For who would beare the whips and ſcornes of time,
Th' oppreſſors wrong, the proud mans contumely,
The pangs of office and the Lawes delay,
The inſolence of office, and the ſpurnes
That patient merit of th' vnworthy takes,
When himſelfe might his *quietus* make
With a bare bodkin; who would fardels beare,
To grunt and ſweat vnder a weary life?
But that the dread of ſomething after death,
The vndiſcouer'd Countrie, from whoſe borne

No